

Poetry Series

TAPAN Saren
- poems -

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TAPAN Saren(April 06,1997)

"Hope does not disappoint us, because God has poured out His love into our hearts by the Holy Spirit, whom He has given us"

- -Romans 5: 5

A Late Night Walk

The stars gleam faintly tonight,
And the night is slow,
The hiemal wind is dumb
And the channel runs on like a young roe.

Sound is free, and in the air
Hovers a cryptic silence, so deep,
As the clamorous buses and trucks
Are parked off—asleep.

Empty are the exhusted roads
And resting, too,
After sustaining all day heavy loads.

The dawdling moon now
Shines atop the cell tower,
A hooting owl from his ambush
Tells of the dismal hour.

From the heap of success and sorrow
Embracing a bit peace
And hope for a better morrow,

Quietly like a corpse
Now the city lies,
Awake are only the yellow street lights
And two sleepless eyes.

Soon, beyond the dark east
The glorious sun will be lit,
And the lifeless heart of the busy city
Will rise and start to beat.

TAPAN Saren

A Midnight-Rain In Summer

I.

The weary moon is bright and slow
Still burning the oil-lamp with a flame yellow
At the neighbour's ajar window.

The oscitant coconut trees are standing tall,
My little puppy lying awake in his kennel small,
And a cryptic silence pervade the land whole.

II.

Faraway from the northren skies
Stealthily approached the clouds like the spies
And the silver turf and thatched roofs darkened.

Pitter patter—with the sougning of gale the rain started
My torn tin-roof and the casement the drops pelted,
And coruscating heaven started hurling bolt often.

As a celestial blessing came the rain:
Blessing to the hopeful peasants, to the fields of grain,
And to the numb nature.

III.

No more at the neighbour's window the oil-lamp burning,
Peacefully they are sleeping,
Dreaming of a fresh morning.

In the cold lap of serene nature too will I sleep
And be drifted down in deep
Of a sure, unknown dream.

TAPAN Saren

After The Shower

Again the extinguishing sun peeps through a thin cracked cloud,
The covenantal bow colours the wet heaven
And the soft plumage of the flying Egrets.
The sick leaves and drooped flowers are now enlivened by the freshening rain.

Crepuscular rays buss the amber corn
And the glinting green grass;
Breath of April is cold now
And gently through the greenwood does it pass.

Quenched is the thirsting runnel
And a slow flow of ethereal drops in it is seen;
Ay! calm is the village as a brooding bird
For a rapturous blessing to her is given.

O rain, Hearts must be blessing you!
Nature must be blessing you, O shower!
For your sudden mercy—
For softening the haughty summer!

TAPAN Saren

At Dawn

A yellow margin is seen
Along the east,
Where the tranquil sky
Meets with the peach trees.

The crepuscular birds,
Near the silhouette
Of the pieces of clouds,
Are only moving shadows.

TAPAN Saren

Composed At A Village

Placid is the cloudland as a dried ocean
No more thrasonical is the fading sun,
Along the harvested fields
The enervated farmers homeward return
With the esperance of rich barn.

Carrying the dying golden reys in her white back
The jolly Egret to her nestlings flies back.

Here I do not hear the clamour,
Here I do not see the curly black smoke,
Here I do not feel the clutch of the poisoned world
That could my heart ail
But peace—deep and celestial—here prevail,
And the eye-soothing greenery—grove of oak—
And the murmuring of the winding brook
That pleases my toiled ears
And the whisper of the easy wind
That swirls the long green grass.

O, let me live here
Let me die here
Let life be a waste
But will not I be back to the congested city
Where I cannot find a bit peace
Where my weary soul cannot have the meanest rest.

TAPAN Saren

Composed For Her

You are my Kismet— my Life-breath— my Dearest;
Knows Heaven love that brims my mortal Heart
Is dirtless, true; e'en though I leave to rest
In damp earth's dark breast, shan't my love depart.

Mavourneen, cosmic stars still sparkle in youreyes,
That winsome smile's the fountain of my bliss;
Dear Lord, ne'er grant her softer Breast demise;
O, spare those warm lips for life-giving kiss.

Yet Night must tiptoe veiling you and me,
Shroud should engulf our fugacious Flesh, Beauty,
Oh, we must dive into Time's swelling Sea;
But fret not! Tomb leads lovers to eternity.

Darling, only awhile shall Death part us,
But anew will we meet i'th' Home of Jesus.

TAPAN Saren

Dawn

The great bright star is not yet awake,
Still a heavenly light has lit up the sleeping earth.
A brisk wind ruffles the fresh spring leafage in mirth,
And the dawn chorus proclaims the daybreak.

The twilit woodland paths are in blossoms drest,
O, the mild wild dove still broods at rest!
The virgin flowers in the dell joyfully their heads nod
As the honey-hoarding tribes are not arrived to suck and hoard.

Dewy are the fields of green corn,
A thin cloak of mist clothes the red cherries,
Mirroring the rich palm trees
Silently the slow stream runs on.

Hark! The grey hills yonder
Laughs the Morn! Don't you hear?
Behold, the silvery east! A blessed day foretold!
O romantic Artist, how beautifully You adorned the dawn!
My blithe soul wishes to jump out of its flashy mold!

O bountiful God, mysteriously lovely is Your art—
Cannot my half-wise brain understand—
But can only be felt by the heart.

TAPAN Saren

Epitaph For The Dead Fighter

Here lies a breathless man
Whom only the damp dust knows,
No green grass has adorned his bed,
Not e'en a single rose.

TAPAN Saren

For Children II: A Fine Autumn Morning

The veil of the night is lifted
And beyond the scarlet east
The cozy sun's rising his head.

A mild breeze arose from the tranquil bay,
Oscillating the weaver birds' shanties
He hurried to a lone land faraway.

Dew-drops are glinting on the green—
On the soft petals—
But the shawl of mist is nowhere seen.

The merry white-clouds are all set
To sail in the limitless blue—
As the curious ships cast off to an unknown islet.

Spring is not near
Though a call of life is heard
From a bloom'd wood afar.

O generous Maker
How great your unfailing love is!
Gifting us, sinners, another day blissful and sweeter.

TAPAN Saren

For Children Iii: O April Shower

O April shower
Freshen the sick Nature,
Our old dirty village
And every weary creature.

O April shower,
Come singing and wipe
Our mean minds and boastful hearts
And give us a holy life.

TAPAN Saren

For Children: Summer In My Garden

I.

Spring had left a mellow yellow flower
In my grassy garden, over there:
With open eyes I did see
The little flower's incomparable beauty.

It stretched its fragile neck out in the air
And started dancing in the morning zephyr...

II.

The April-sun rose from his bed,
Wearing fiery coat he ascended the blue sky's head:
With open eyes I did see
The little flower's fleeting beauty.

It drooped and said to me, "Once again,
Naughty summer has come to visit your grassy garden"

TAPAN Saren

Good Morning

Wake up, open the window and let the playful sunbeams
Kiss your gorgeous face and let the easy air
Brush your dishevelled hair.

'Tis another fresh day and prayers have found you,
So, wake up and feel
Abundantly blessed and smile.

Think not of the bitter past- -
Live today, hope today, live now for you not know
What will happen to the 'hazy-morrow'

Look! The yellow bird is already there
In your dewy yard for you to sing-
To wish you a very 'good morning'

TAPAN Saren

Good Night

Thickly the night is dark
And the breeze is slow;
My little puppy started to bark
And the fire-flies to glow.

The weather is cozy
Sure am I, you too feeling dozy.

Dreams are shining so bright
Into the frozen darkness:
The sweetest dream has started its flight
To visit you in sleep, as a grace.

May your pains vanish tonight,
I wish you a night blissful and sweet.
I wish you a very good night.

TAPAN Saren

I Dreamt Of Trees

Last night
i dreamt of trees,
live green trees:

some stood here
others there
in their fully-fledged glory
as a troop of invincible soldiers,
and their numbers i couldn't count.

More i saw -
the atmosphere was fine, calm
the sky was bright blue,
golden were the fields
of grains
and the grinning faces of the peasants
i saw.

The souls were free -
freely they breathed
healthy air -
and the hospitals were almost desolate.

Meanwhile
i found
i, too, was free: heartache was gone

many solar plants
and wind farms
i saw,
electric cars hying on the streets
and...

a sudden jerk on my shoulder
then an 'wake-up' call
of my old sick mother
and the dream shattered,

i found myself

on the same tortured Earth.

'Twas almost 8
and i got up
breathing a poisonous sigh.

TAPAN Saren

In The Street

I was glad—

Pleasant night offered me an opportunity
To explore the flamboyant city:
Buildings were asleep beneath the silent starry sky,
Streets were trafficless—no wheels to hie.
Smokeless chimneys;
The benches in the park lay bare,
Swings hung childlessly—empty
And in the gelid winter air
Reigned an unusual serenity.

I was glad—

Then at the corner of a street,
On the steps of a shuttered-shop, him did I meet:
A half-naked scrawny man—too old and feeble—
His handsomeness faded away and ribs were visible.
The black lids were hiding his sunken eyes
And his broken health was emitting agonious sighs.

A bowl, by him, some proof of kindness holded
And a filthy half-eaten bread.

He was on the brink of senectitude,
But, perhaps, Fortune was undone with him yet,
So the Maker he did not meet.

I wanted to give him my
Costly warm wool sweater
But in such a city, things like this and people like this
Are just a common matter.

I, unworried I, easefully passed by.
I was glad.

TAPAN Saren

Journey Of The Women

I.

'Twas the first merry day of the bright week.
The thickest darkness of the saddest nights
Dispersed into the new-born glimm'ring dawn.

But still their hopeless hearts were burning in
The flame of loss; their shepherdless, sad souls
Were wand'ring in the hollow of despair
(For oh! their Hope had been to the wood nailed.)

And O, behold those sorrow-strook, wan women,
With jars of spices, plodding to the tomb...

II.

"But who will roll away the hefty stone
For us? " spake Magdalene to th' other Two—
"Some Followers we'd have accompanied."—
But both were silent as a beatless heart—
For still their souls were laden with deep grief—
And trod along the dewy path to th' grave—
Haply they knew they could displace the rock!
And surely they'd annoint their resting Lord.

III.

('Twas a blest dawn heralding the Immortal Morn!
Their griefs would be effaced and joys restored.)

The silent feet trod on the dew-drenched grass—
They walkéd on toward the cryptic gard'n—
Ah! those morose hearts trudg'd to the new tomb
That their joys of eternity enclosed.

IV.

(The garden was the bride of Lebanon!
Clement the wind was, birds choired from green boughs,
And just-bloom'd blossoms showered soothing scent.)

But as they neared the tomb, their hearts were awed—
For the Arimathæan rock that guarded Him

Was rolled away— and they were all afeared.

The rock was forced off— and they hurried in
But could not find Him, but the shroud and gore.

Afrighten'd, they all stood at the grave-stone;
They stood and marvelled, marvelling they stood,
And flocky clouds of fear and awe approached
The firmament of their grief-laden hearts.

"The vilest curse may fall upon those hands
That have durst to perform the vilest act! "—
Scream'd Mary in a trembling tone— for she
Assumed, their lifeless Lord had been abduct'd—
But Salome and th' other Mary freezed.

V.

And as there they stood, puzzled and afraid,
Behold! an Angel of the Most High GOD,
In dazzling white, appeared before their sight.
His whiteness blinded them, them rend'ring quake.
Alarm'd they were and in fear genuflect'd.

"Fear not! for henceforth ye shall never fear!
Aye, know I, Jesus ye are looking for.
But He is not here— He is been restored.
O why seek ye the Live among the Dead?

Remember, ye, remember His past words—
The Messaiah must traverse the dark days,
But courage! darkness can't engulf the light.
And on the third morn, light again be born.

Now, go, tell the Eleven the Good News:
That Death is conquered, Hell is overcome,
The sharpest nails o' th' Romans are subdued.
Now, go rejoicing, for your Joy's alive! "

And see! proclaiming the Undying One,
The Angel in the ambient air melt'd.

VI.

O mercy! heav'n, O heav'n! our Lord is up!
They were joy-filled, like the whole vale of Beth.

"O we'd tell all the Followers and Friends!
Our Lord is— and He will for ever be."

And at once they rushed down the hilly road;
Fost'ring the Good News in their breast, they ran
And ran, ran on until at a distance,
Amid the green palm trees, they disappeared.

(Soon the sun came up aurifying the whole land.)

TAPAN Saren

On Solving Nature's Mystery

"How lovely Nature is", said she "I wonder!
Her secrets do bemuse me o'er again!
Can this mystery be solved by my small brain?
O can man, miserable man, grasp it ever?
In a strange rhythm vernal wind does wander
Through woods, o'er sunlit grass and fields of grain,
Brooks' babbles, birds' chirps can no book explain;
Comes Spring and bloom fair flow'rs—it ceases never."

"Methinks", spoke I "we should let swift wind blow,
Brooks babble, birds with merry ever sing,
And Spring with blossoms 'round us be revolved.
In Nature's beauty should we feed and grow
And let the Maker in our hearts peace bring,
For some mysteries are solved when left unsolved."

TAPAN Saren

Psalm 1

How mirthful are those who with evil men
Do not tread, nor the Sinners join to sin.
Instead, delight they in the Law o'th' Light,
They meditate in His Word day and night.
Aye, they are like the trees that grow by Stream—
Trees that bear rich fruit at the right time.
Their bright green leaves will never turn to pale,
For, O, i'th' Canopy of Grace they dwell.
But the ungodly are not so; they are
Scorched chaff which by strong Wind is blown afar.
The Evil shall not stand with the Right Ones
For, O, the Holy One the Righteous owns.
The godly are guided by the Lord
But th' Evil will be slayed with their own sword.

TAPAN Saren

Realization

Love is but a real dream
We dream with open eyes,
And its promises are but some true lies
Which make flow the life's stream.

TAPAN Saren

Song Of Songs 2: 10-13

My lover speaks to me:

Come, my love; come with me, my darling.
The winter is gone; the rain stopped falling;

in the countryside the flowers are blooming.
O, this is the time for singing;

in the fields the doves are singing.
And the figs are ripening;

the air is fragrant with vines blooming.
Come then, my love; come with me, my darling.

TAPAN Saren

To Her

Till throbs my brittle heart
Will I love you, for I, faint I, am fastened to your pure love;
No cause is too fatal to keep our souls apart
And will love you untill I hear His call from above.

Oh, Distance is so flimsy as well—
Your beauteous mural (on my heart) couldn't erase,
And silence—a long, long day between us it did prevail—
Only dimmed the abiding memories with a bit haze.

Dear, Death is but a mere grabber—
Can only take my warm breath away—
But my love for you will breathe forever:
Here, in the verse of live words, timelessly it will stay.

TAPAN Saren

Why I Prefer A Bluebird

1.

A bluebird is the finest creation
In whom creation is finest.

2.

A bluebird scintillates
Limpid, celestial light,
For a bluebird is woven from Trinity.

3.

In the beginning,
God created the sky,
God created the hexa-hued rainbow,
God created my Love's bright eyes;
But the bluebird poured out the ever-living blue hue in them.

4.

It is midwinter;
The mighty Thatcher has the leaves off;
But the only perennial beauty
On the bare tree is
The bluebird.

5.

I was roving alone
In the greenwood,
Until I found a convivial bluebird,
Composing unheard strains in vernal light.

6.

My autumn years have come upon me,
And I am pale and peaky
(In my dream) ,
But only the bluebird flies around, unharmed.

7.

Nothing under the sun is truly new
But the bluebird!

